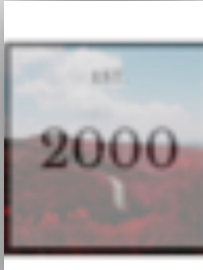




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Depression: From the Eyes of Diagnosis



hope

inspiration

depression

12 0 2

Chapter 1 by Isabelle Rose

Authors Note:

This story is about how I see, experience, and live with my depression.

Names (such as my own and others who might appear in this story) will be changed for privacy reasons.

I hope you enjoy.

DEPRESSION: *feelings of severe despondency and dejection.*

From the moment I began to walk and talk, I've always been a gregarious and energetic spirit. As I went from 2 years old to 7 years old, the hyperactive energy that was passed down to me from my father, had grown and thrived like a vine, crawling up the side of a house. As I went from 9-12, I began to see the vine becoming bitter, thorny, and destructive.

Well, I hadn't seen it at the time, no one really noticed until it got worse. As I reached the age of 12, I began to grow sad, and angry. Anxiety crawled its way into my thought system, and I was

unable to be in school. I worked myself up with every pass by people who's goal was to make fun of the way I dressed, who I was, and who I was not. I was a target to others.

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different. But I wasn't really different. I was the same as everyone else who wanted to liberate themselves from being controlled. They were slaves to reputation and popularity.

In the 7th grade, I cut my hair as short as I could. I took scissors to the white blonde hair, pulled back into a loose ponytail. Criticism from others made me miserable and self loathing. But that's besides the point.

I was diagnosed with depression, anxiety, and ADD in the beginning of March, 2012. I had told my school counselor the words "I just want to die". She called emergency mobile intervention services, otherwise known as EMPS. A very nice woman, I forgot her name, came to the middle school. I was in 6th grade at this point. I was evaluated by this woman, to see how to go about the situation. She suggested that I go to the local children's hospital for a proper psych evaluation. I was kept overnight in the hospital room before being sent over to another hospital that was for psychological evaluations.

In this hospital was a unit that held the children and adolescents until they know where to put them. I was sent home that day thankfully.

As the years of my adolescences went by, I became my illness. I formed into an angry, bitter being. My depression festered and grew in me.

I'm 16 years old now. Four years of hospitalizations, medications, stitches and scars, I am trying to live happy and healthy as possible. My depression is still there, bringing me to the lowest point of emotions, then pulling me back up to the top of the world. I have been practically diagnosed with borderline personality disorder, and I say *practically* because of the fact that they can't diagnose me until age 18.

I have tried to help myself get back to the happiness and peace I felt as a child, and feel now only when I get high.

I am in a new therapy group, where there are 12-17 year old children, who, believe it or not,

refuse to accept the blame for their part of the miserable environment in the group as well as in their homes. There are a few mature children, but I am not one of them, who understand the importance of responsibility.

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I realize now that I have been so hard on myself, trying to do the impossible as a child, and tried to change as a teenager, which resulted in hurt and humiliation. I look back

on myself, and wish i could change what happened.

But at this point, I have to turn my back on the past and work my way towards a better future.

I will not let my depression control me. I will not let my illnesses break my relationships away from me.

I am more than my past, more than what I hold onto in hope of getting it back.

I've finally started to move on.

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